VORTEX · COMICS

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STIG'S BIBLE

NUMBER THREE

SPECIAL TOO CHEAP TO PAY FOR A COVER ARTIST ISSUE

THE STIG'S LOOK-UNLIKE CONTEST.

Hoo-hah, I've got to re-think this comic book stuff. If I had known the average level of sanity for all you readers out there I never would have gotten into this business. You're wackos, the lot of you. Anyways, here's the winner:

Dear Contest,

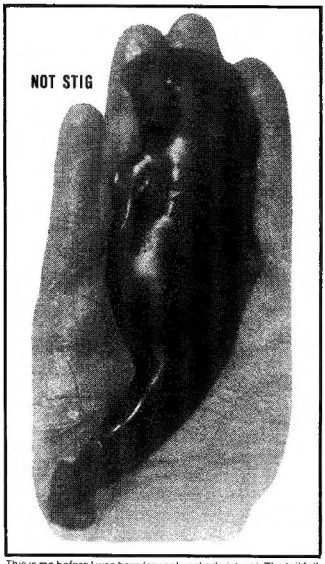
Okay, here's the winning letter you've been searching for!

Since no cameras exist in our tiny Mennonite village you'll have to trust me on . . . the facts.

Besides the fact that I had my face mutantly altered to resemble Michael Jackson & Boy George (Hubba, sigh) I feel my breasts daily (twice) and suckle my own toes.

Oh, and I **own** a pig!!! Need I say more? (Suewee!)

Anonymously yours,
Jim Kristensen.



This is me before I was born (my only naked picture). The tail fell off at age nine.

Included, also, were some pictures of friends of his, who looked markedly **more** like Stig than Jim did.

Jim wins all kinds of stuff. Free subscriptions, a pair of 3-D glasses, original art, a certified cheque for five (5) dollars, and a sponge. Sorry, but in the interim between now and the first issue I moved and **lost** the 1984 bookmark. Sorry.

RUNNERS UP

FIRST RUNNER-UP: (Who, by the way, must assume the mantle of winner should Jim be unable to fulfill his or her duties at any time during the following year.) The name is F. Sirotkin. Rather than a simple post card he sent us a fully illustrated ten page essay on how little he looked like Stig. We would have given it to him straightaway but he wasn't enough of a fawning little toady.

SECOND RUNNER-UP: James Cook Jr., president of the Herbie Popnecker Home for Lollipop Addicts. This is a noble organization which deserves your support. What I liked most about his entry was the accompanying photo. I can't talk about it, though.

THIRD RUNNER-UP: Blaze Krueger. A dog, and one of only four different entries by members of the Krueger family.

FOURTH RUNNER-UP: Michael Barker. His entry was a photograph of a cement stairway. That sort of thing appeals to me.

FIFTH RUNNER-UP: It's a tie between Ed Ursiny and Tim Ursiny. Because they have the same address, they're getting one subscription between them. I could have easily picked one over the other, but I'm doing this because I like to start fights.

Seeing as that was a whole pile of fun we'll probably do another contest in the near future. All I have to do is untighten the iron fist of Bill, the boy publisher so that we have more prizes to give out.

Ty Templeton

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IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TOO CLOSELY TO THE UNSETTLING SOUNDS OF MOANS AND SCREAMS DRIFTING ABOUT THIS CAVERN, YOU MIGHT THINK THIS SCENE RATHER PLEASANT. YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE A VERY FERTILE IMAGINATION BUT YOU COULD IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO, I SUPPOSE...
IT DOES SMELL PRETTY GHASTLY DOWN HERE, SO IT'S FAR FROM PERFECT STILL, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT'S NOT BAD.
OK. IT'S A BIT HOT AND STICKY AND THE WATER'S NONE TO CLEAN.
VERY HOT, ACTUALLY.
WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? THIS IS HELL WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, NOT CLUB MED. YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT THINGS TO BE A LITTLE RUN DOWN. LET'S FACE IT... FOR HELL THIS IS THE NICE PART OF TOWN, THAT'S ALL I'M TRYING TO SAY.
JEEZ! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BITE MY HEAD OFF.
AT LEAST YOU ONLY HAVE TO LOOK AT IT. YOU DON'T LIVE HERE WITH HORRIBLE SLIME BEASTIES RIPPING AT YOU AND DRAGGING YOU UNDER ALL THAT POLLUTED WATER FOR THE BETTER PART OF AN AFTERNOON.
LIKE STIG.
JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE THE LOCALE... WHINE, WHINE, WHINE. THAT'S ALL YOU KIDS EVER DO! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I HAD IT REALLY TOUGH; I HAD TO WRESTLE BEARS ON STREET CORNERS FOR A LIVING AND IF I WENT HOME WITH ONLY PENNIES I WAS THRILLED. LET ME TELL YOU...
BLOODY WIMPS, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

WILLIAM P. MARKS AND A NUMBER OF HIS CREDITORS PRESENT...

Stig's Inferno

COMPOSED AND PERFORMED BY TY TEMPLETON.

YUCHH.
TIME OUT!
KA-SPLOOSH!
BONK!
THAT'S IT! I'M CALLING A TIME OUT. WE'VE BEEN UNDERWATER FOR QUITE A WHILE, NOW. I, FOR ONE, COULD USE A BREAK...
I'M NOT SURE IF IT'S ALLOWED... NO ONE'S EVER SURVIVED LONG ENOUGH TO CALL TIME OUT.
IF YOU'D GOTTEN YOUR TENTACLE OUT OF MY MOUTH, I WOULD'VE MENTIONED IT HOURS AGO.
OOPS. SORRY. IT WAS AWFULLY RUDE OF ME, WASN'T IT? BUT WHEN I ATTACK SOMETHING IT GETS MY BLOOD GOING. HARD TO REMEMBER ONE'S P'S AND Q'S IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, EH?
NO HARM DONE IF WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS. THE NAME'S BUER. I'M A SAGITTARIUS...
STIG. MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU GRABBED ME LIKE THAT?
STIG. WHAT A LOVELY NAME.
THANKS. YOU GRABBED ME...?
OH, THAT'S JUST FORCE OF HABIT. I GRAB NEAR ABOUT EVERYBODY WHO HAPPENS BY. DON'T SPREAD IT AROUND BUT THE TALL MOANEY ONES ARE THE TASTIEST.
I'LL SETTLE FOR ANYONE IN A PINCH, THOUGH. YOU AREN'T UPSET I TRUST.
OF COURSE I'M UPSET!!
YOU DON'T GO AROUND GRABBING PEOPLE BY THE LEG WHEN THEY'RE HAVING A NICE SWIM AND EAT THEM OUTRIGHT. IT'S NOT DONE. THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS GIVE A LITTLE WARNING FIRST...
WHATEVER FOR?
THIS IS A PUBLIC BEACH... DO TRY TO KEEP IT CLEAN. LOVE SATAN
HEY! I CAN'T SEE!
GIVEN A CHOICE, MOST PEOPLE WOULD RATHER NOT BE ATTACKED BY HORRID UNDERSEA SLIME CREATURES.
NO!
DAAAA-DUM. DAAAA-DUM.
TRUTH HURTS.

OH DEAR! THAT WASN'T EVEN A CONSIDERATION I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RE-EVALUATE THE MORALITY OF MY JOB. I MAY EVEN HAVE TO STOP ALTOGETHER!
OH, WHAT A DAY THIS HAS BECOME.
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, STIG. CAN I BUY YOU A GIFT OF SOME SORT...
YOU COULD DIRECT ME TO A PHONE BOOTH.
A LITTLE KNICKNACK FOR THE COFFEE TABLE, MAYBE...
NO, THANKS. I'M FINE.
OH SURE! YOU'RE FINE, YOU DON'T HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE TO KEEP YOU UP AT NIGHTS...
...TOSSING AND TURNING, HAUNTED BY A NEVER-ENDING PARADE OF SPECTRAL IMAGES POINTING AN ACCUSING FINGER.
THE TORTURED FACES OF MY INNOCENT VICTIMS CRYING OUT FOR RETRIBUTION.
IMAGINE NOT ENJOYING BEING EATEN. EVERYONE ENJOYS BEING DRUNK.
IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT AND YOU'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER.
THANK YOU. YOU'RE VERY KIND. FOR A SHADE, I MEAN...
MOST OF YOUR LOT ARE SMARMY LITTLE BUGGERS. THEY DIDN'T INVITE ME TO THEIR INSIPID LITTLE PARTY, DID THEY? NOT THAT I WOULD'VE GONE IN A BILLION YEARS, MIND YOU, BUT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASKED! I'M NO MINOR LITTLE WATER SPRITE, YOU KNOW.
I'M A FULL-FLEDGED DEMON!
I'M SURE YOU ARE. THAT'S A FABULOUS OUTFIT. A FIRST PRIZE WINNER FOR CERTAIN.
HOW'D YOU GET THE MOUTH TO WORK LIKE THAT? IT'S SO REALISTIC.

DON'T TEMPT ME, STIG. I'M NOT SOLD ON THIS NEW RESOLUTION OF MINE, YET.
HOW COULD THEY NOT INVITE YOU? IF BEATRICE WERE HERE SHE'D LOVE TO GO. WE HAVEN'T BEEN TO A COSTUME PARTY SINCE...
COME TO THINK OF IT, WE'VE NEVER BEEN TO ONE.
WHY IS THAT?
MY GIRL. SHE'S AT HOME FIXING MY SUPPER IF IT HASN'T SPOILED IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS I'VE SPENT WANDERING AROUND. IT'S A VERY LOVELY MOVIE SET BUT I MUST BE GETTING HOME. SHE'S BOUND TO WORRY.
BEATRICE? LIKE THE YOGURT?
HEY! RALPH BOY!
IF SHE'S WORTH A DAMN, SHE'LL WAIT.
MEANWHILE, THE MEN OF FIFTY-TWO DIVISION LEARN THE CONSEQUENCES OF FALLING THOUSANDS OF FEET DOWN THE SIDE OF A SHEER CLIFF IN A BURNING BUILDING.
IS ANYONE HURT? BESIDES ME, I MEAN...
NOPE
I'M FINE. HOW ARE YOU?
DOIN OK OVER HERE.
SO, HOW'S THE WIFE AND KIDS?
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
IT TOOK STIG YEARS TO BUILD THAT HOUSE. IT MEANT EVERYTHING TO HIM AND YOU BLEW IT UP JUST LIKE THAT!!
STIG IS DEAD, BEATRICE. WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD AND GO ON LIVING. HE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? YOU'VE NEVER MET HIM. YOU'RE ONLY INVESTIGATING HIS DEATH.
NOT DEATH.
MURDER.
AND I'M NOT INVESTIGATING. I'VE ALREADY GOT IT SOLVED.

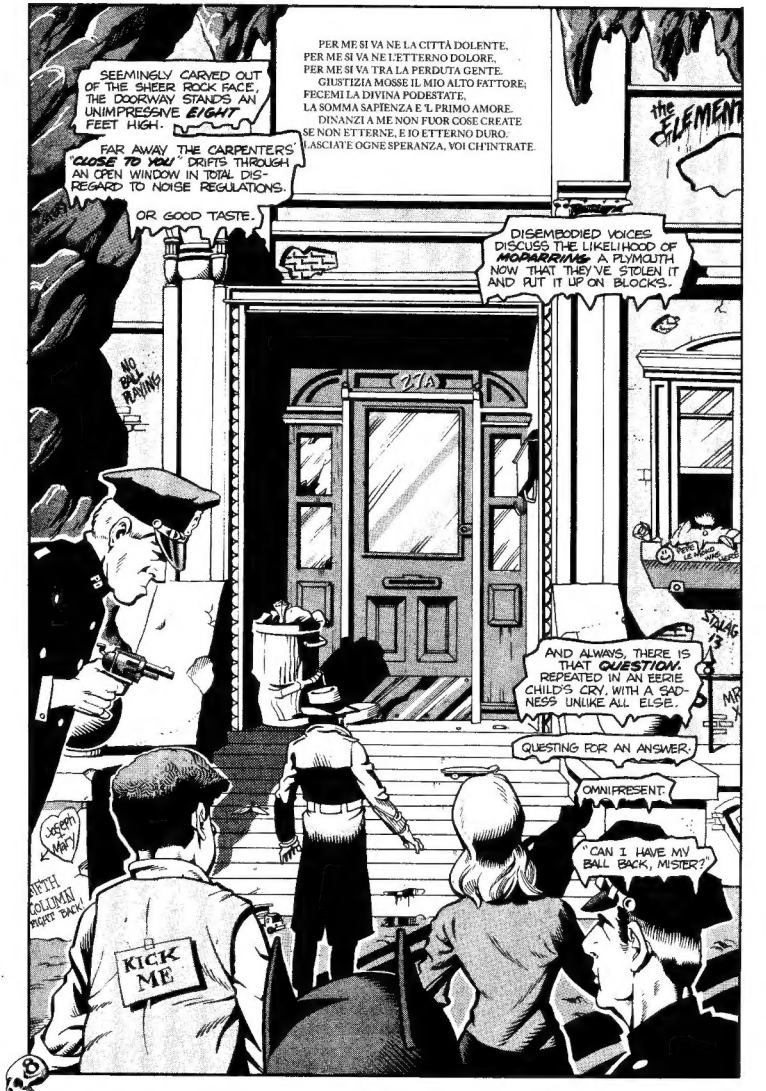
FACT: HE WAS KILLED WHILST PLAYING A VERY BAD REQUIEM AT HIS UNLICENSED PIANO.
FACT: YOU WERE THE ONLY OTHER PERSON PRESENT AT THE TIME AND YOU'RE ABOVE SUSPICION, PARTLY BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL AND MOSTLY BECAUSE YOU'RE WEARING A CLINGY TIGHT SWEATER.
THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE SUSPECT...

"...AND WE'RE INTERROGATING HIM RIGHT NOW."
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL CONTROL MY PARTNER. IF YOU DON'T START TO TALK, HE CAN GET NASTY!
52
INTERR ROC

I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THESE TYPES, AL... LEMMIE PLAY A CHRISTOPHER CROSS TUNE ON 'IM. THAS THE ONLY THING HIS KIND UNDERSTANDS.
WANTED
FOR MURDER AND OTHER STUFF, TOO
REWARD
TALK, PIANO-SCUM!!
HARLEY

YOU'RE RIGHT OFF YOUR ACORN, MURDOCH, AND I'VE NO IDEA WHERE YOU PUT US.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE FOOT OF SIG'S DRIVEWAY TO ME.
VOTE SATAN, for All Kinds of THINGS!!

DON'T WORRY, MA'AM, THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY THE FINEST MEN THE ACADEMY EVER PRODUCED.
OFFICER LAYTON, GIVE THIS WOMAN COMFORT AND PROTECTION
SHALL I PUT MY ARMS AROUND HER IN A COMFORTING AND PROTECTIVE MANNER, SIR?
BOOM!
ZIP!
DON'T ASK ME!! THINK ON YOUR FEET!
GOOD GOD! MAN, YOU'RE A POLICE OFFICER!
A SWIFT BUT THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE AREA IS CONDUCTED...
IT DOESN'T CHECK OUT. IF WE WERE KIDNAPPED BY SUBVERSIVES THEY'D BE IN EVIDENCE BY NOW. THE HOUSE MUST HAVE HAD WEAK FOUNDATIONS.
THAT'S IT.
PERHAPS WE USED TOO MUCH DYNAMITE TO BLOW OFF THE ROOF, SIR.
EIGHTY-SIX THAT KIND OF TALK COLLINS! SGT. LePAGE SET THOSE CHARGES HIMSELF AND HE'S A GOOD MAN. DOESN'T MAKE MISTAKES!
IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO UNDERMINE THE MORALE OF THIS MISSION!
ZIP!
WELCOME TO THE SIGN SPRING BOG
OH, NO SIR! NEVER!
SEE THAT YOU DON'T.
CAN YOU RAISE ANYTHING ON THE SQUAWK-BOX?
NOTHING... THE FALL MUST HAVE KNOCKED IT OUT.
DON'T BE SO SIMPLE. THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO THINK.
"BOY DO WE BUG YOU"
DETECTIVE MURDOCH! OVER HERE!!


PER ME SI VA NE LA CITTÀ DOLENTE,
PER ME SI VA NE L'ETTERNO DOLORE,
PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE.
GIUSTIZIA MOSSE IL MIO ALTO FATTORE;
FECEMI LA DIVINA PODESTATE,
LA SOMMA SAPIENZA E 'L PRIMO AMORE.
DINANZI A ME NON FUOR COSE CREATE
SE NON ETTERNE, E IO ETTERNO DURO.
LASCIATE OGNE SPERANZA, VOI CH'INTRATE.
SEEMINGLY CARVED OUT OF THE SHEER ROCK FACE, THE DOORWAY STANDS AN UNIMPRESSIVE EIGHT FEET HIGH.
FAR AWAY THE CARPENTERS' "CLOSE TO YOU" DRIFTS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW IN TOTAL DISREGARD TO NOISE REGULATIONS.
OR GOOD TASTE.
DISEMBODIED VOICES DISCUSS THE LIKELIHOOD OF MOPARRRING A PLYMOUTH NOW THAT THEY'VE STOLEN IT AND PUT IT UP ON BLOCKS.
the ELEMENT
NO BALL PLAYING
23A
AND ALWAYS, THERE IS THAT QUESTION. REPEATED IN AN EERIE CHILD'S CRY, WITH A SADNESS UNLIKE ALL ELSE.
QUESTING FOR AN ANSWER.
OMNIPRESENT.
"CAN I HAVE MY BALL BACK, MISTER?"
KICK ME
SIXTH COLUMN FIGHT BACK
SLAG 13

WHAT'S THAT WRITTEN UP TOP? IT LOOKS ITALIAN.
IT IS. LET ME TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU...
"THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO THE SUFFERING CITY, THROUGH ME THE WAY TO THE ETERNAL PAIN, THROUGH ME THE WAY THAT RUNS AMONG THE LOST. JUSTICE URGED ON MY HIGH ARTIFICER; MY MAKER WAS DIVINE AUTHORITY, THE HIGHEST WISDOM, AND THE PRIMAL LOVE. BEFORE ME NOTHING BUT ETERNAL THINGS WERE MADE, AND I ENDURE ETERNALLY. ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE."
NO SOLICITING, ALL EMPLOYEES USE SIDE DOOR.
WELL, LAH-DE-DAH, IF THAT ISN'T THE RUDEST THING TO PUT OVER YOUR DOORWAY! WHAT A BUNCH OF SNOTS. LET'S GO.
WHAT'S THE DOORWAY TO HELL DOING IN MY PRECINCT?
IT'S AGAINST ZONING BY-LAWS.
OH NO! IT'S ALL STARTING TO MAKE SENSE!
IT IS? WHAT DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING?
HANG ON A MINUTE SIR. THAT'S A FAMOUS POEM FROM DANTE'S 'DIVINE COMEDY.' ACCORDING TO THE STORY, THIS WAS INSCRIBED OVER THE GATEWAY TO HELL.
LISTEN, DIDN'T IT STRIKE YOU AS ODD THAT WE ALL SURVIVED A FIVE THOUSAND FOOT PLUNGE IN A BURNING HOUSE?
NOT AT ALL. LUCK FAVORS THE PREPARED MIND.
BEEP.
YOU'RE PREPARED TO FALL THOUSANDS OF FEET IN A BURNING BUILDING?

IF DUTY DICTATES. I AM A POLICE OFFICER!
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT WOMAN, BESIDES IMPUGNING MY ABILITIES AS A POLICEMAN?
HUP
DING DING DING DING DING
ICE AND SNOW WARNING
WELL, I HOPE I DON'T SCARE ANYBODY...
...BUT I THINK WE'RE DEAD.
ELSEWHERE...
ANY THREES?
GO FISH.
IF YOU'RE NOT IN TOWN FOR THE PARTY, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE WOODS? FROM THE LOOKS OF YOU I'D SAY YOU WERE LOWER CIRCLE MATERIAL.
TRUTH TO TELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE...
..I WAS SITTING DOWN AT MY PIANO, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE INSTRUMENT SORT OF BIT ME.
BIT YOU?
I THINK SO. IT'S GETTING HARD TO REMEMBER. AT ANY RATE, I MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT BECAUSE THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS DOWN HERE. IT'S ALL VERY CONFUSING TO ME...
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?!? NOBODY TOLD YOU WHERE YOU...
GNGNG!
YOU OK?
YOU GOT ALL STIFF SUDDENLY.
THERE'S A COUPLE OF SHADES SWIMMING OVER BY THOSE ROCKS, A MALE AND A FEMALE AND I'VE COME OVER ALL HUNGRY...

BOY OH, BOY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO BREAK A BAD HABIT? IT'S BEEN BARELY TEN MINUTES.
HAVE A HEART. ONE OF 'EM SMELLS LIKE HENRIK IBSEN. I'VE GOT TO GO...
NO... WAIT!
TOLD ME?
TOLD ME WHAT?!?
/UM
IS THERE SOMETHING SOMEBODY'S NOT TELLING ME?
SOME TIME LATER (LONG ENOUGH, AT LEAST, FOR THE ARTIST TO GO FOR SOME TAKE-OUT CHICKEN AND A COKE.) STAG CRAWLS ONTO SHORE...
SPLISH SPLASH
THUCHK!
HAH...?
OOOF.
HI THERE.
YOU HERE FOR THE PARTY?
HAH...?

LET US LOOK NOW INTO THE MAJESTIC CITY OF DIS...
HURRY UP, BOB! AT THIS RATE WE'RE GOING TO BE MORE THAN FASHIONABLY LATE.
Um... SORRY, SIRE. WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE CAR.
NOT. MY '38 MERCEDES 540-K ROADSTER!?!
I'M AFRAID SO. SOME OF THE MECHANICS WERE USING IT TO GO TO THE DRIVE-IN OVER THE WEEK-END AND THERE'S A NASTY SPILL IN THE BACK SEAT.
I ASSUME THEY WERE TURNED INTO SOMETHING SUITABLY HORRID.
ALL TAKEN CARE OF... DON'T FRET.
THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
Uh DO YOU MIND TERRIBLY TAKING THE BUTLER'S TRANS AM?
SKREEE!
HELLO?
THE BAT PHONE
THE ONE WITH ALL THOSE FLAMES PAINTED ON THE HOOD? IT'S SO... SO... GAUCHE.
IT'S THAT OR THE VW RABBIT, MY LORD.
WONDERFUL.
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON! WE'RE OFF TO THE BIG BASH...
MY EYES AREN'T RIGHT. I'LL JUST BE A MINUTE.
YOU LOOK FINE AND WE ARE LATE! LET'S GO!
LOOK, YOU MAY BE SATISFIED LOOKING JUST LIKE A GARAGE MECHANIC ALL DAY, BUT I HAVE A SENSE OF STYLE. A LOT OF INFLUENTIAL BEINGS ARE GOING TO ATTEND AND...
OH, YOU'RE NOT GOING LIKE THAT, ARE YOU?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WAY I LOOK?
THAT HAT. GO PUT ON SOMETHING DRESSIER...
ERIC
SOMETHING THAT'LL GO WITH THE TIE.

I LIKE THIS HAT. SIR ARTHUR GAVE IT TO ME.
PEOPLE WILL LAUGH AT YOU, TRUST ME, I KNOW. I'M NOT GOING IF YOU DON'T CHANGE SO LET'S NOT ARGUE.
ARGUE?!?
YOU FORGET YOUR PLACE, WOMAN! I AM THE LORD OF DARKNESS AND EVIL INCARNATE! TRIFLE NOT WITH ME!!
OK. YOU'RE THE LORD OF DARKNESS.
BUT YOU STILL HAVE ON A DUMB HAT. GO AND CHANGE.
YES, DEAR.
I AM NAKED! SOME HOODLUM STOLE MY CLOTHES.
WHERE'S YOUR BOARD, FRIEND? YOU LOOK NAKED WITHOUT ONE...
OOOH, YEECCCH! GET THIS BOY SOME TRUNKS, THAT'S JUST PAGAN.
KOWABUNGA!!
THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS, THEY'RE ALWAYS HANGING AROUND HERE, STEALING OUR BOARDS, PUTTING SAND IN OUR LUNCH-PAILS, YOU NAME IT! POSITIVELY CHILDISH STUFF.
IF WE EVER CATCH 'EM WE'RE GONNA WIPE 'EM OUT TOTALLY... GIVE 'EM THE BIG SPILL.
I'M TAKING A WILD STAB HERE, BUT YOU PEOPLE SURF, RIGHT?
INTUITIVE GENIUS, THIS ONE.
HERE, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.

I'VE JUST HAD A SCOUT AND WE DON'T HAVE ANY SPARE TRUNKS. SORRY, DAD, BUT DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL IN A TIZZY, CHARON'LL BRING SOME WHEN HE COMES. HE'S GOOD ABOUT THAT.
CHARON?
YOU DON'T KNOW CHARON?
NOT PERSONALLY, NO. WHO IS HE?
WHY, HE'S JUST THE MOST GONE INDIVIDUAL ON THE BEACH, MAN! CHARON GROOVES INTO ALL THE BEST SPOTS UP AND DOWN THE COAST AND, DIG THIS, HE'S A WIZARD WITH HIS BOAT!
YOU THINK, MAYBE, HE COULD GIVE ME A LIFT OUT OF HERE? AT LEAST LEND ME A PAIR OF HIKING BOOTS...
YOU DON'T WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN OVER TO THE ISLAND. THAT'S WHERE THE ULTIMATE WAVE IS.
HELP
WHAT IF YOU DON'T LIKE SURFING?
WHAT ARE YOU... SICK?!?
DON'T LIKE IT!? WHAT CIRCLE DID YOU CRAWL OUT OF?
NO, NO. I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST IT. IT'S PROBABLY MY FAVORITE WAY TO BREAK SOMETHING INTERNAL AT THE BEACH. BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.
THIS BOY HAS AN ATTITUDE PROBLEM.
MOM
MY BLADE MUST TASTE BLOOD HERE. SMASHES IT AGAIN!
HE'S HERE!
CHARON'S COME! HE'S FINALLY HERE!!

ELSEWHERE.
WHAT ARE WE *DOING?* IF MARK AND LESLIE WANT TO COME TO A GRAVEYARD AND LISTEN TO SOME HEAD-CASE TELL 'EM STORIES THAT'S *THEIR* PRIVILEGE. WHAT DO *WE* GOT TO GO FOR?
AH, YOU PUPPY! IT'LL BE *RUN!* 'SMATTER, DON'T LIKE IT HERE?
A FRONT ONE
I'M OK.
I'LL BET. HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS. THIS GUYS GOT NO LAST NAME.
STIG! DON'T I KNOW A STIG?
NOPE.
STIG
SURE I DO. THAT BIG SCOTTISH GUY! HUSTLES POOL AT THE DOMINION.
YOU MEAN *STAN?*
OH, RIGHT. STAN. WONDER WHY THIS GUY DON'T GOT A LAST NAME, THOUGH.
MAYBE HE WAS A ROCK STAR OR SOMETHING. Y'KNOW, LIKE STING OR CHER.
WELL, *I* NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
THAT DON'T MEAN MUCH, YOU NEVER HEARD OF ANYBODY.
OK, SMART GUY. WHO *IS* HE, THEN.
HOW SHOULD I KNOW. DO I KNOW EVERYTHING? STOP WITH THE QUESTIONS AND LET'S GO FIND ENOCH.
STIG
BORN 1962
DIED 1984
HE'S NOBODY IMPORTANT. JUST SOME POOR SOD WITHOUT A LAST NAME.
URP!
STIG
BORN 1962
DIED 1984
NEXT: THE PARTY BEGINS!!

JOYSTICK!
OK. BRING IT DOWN. BRING IT DOWN.
YOU'VE GOT A WAYS TO GO.
THIS SIDE UP
THE WATERFRONT AT NIGHT: A LOT OF STORIES START HERE. GOOD STORIES. STORIES OF HUMAN DRAMA AND FORGOTTEN DREAMS.
WE'RE GOING TO START THIS STORY HERE... WHAT THE HELL.
LDAGO.
ADING COMPANY.
SWING IT A LITTLE LEFT...

LOWER IT SOME MORE... C'MON!
THERE'S NO POINT IN YELLING.
IT WON'T GO ANY LOWER.
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH IT...
OH HECK. IT'S NED.
NOW WE HAVE TO FILL OUT FORMS.
OOOPS!

STORY AND ART: TY TEMPLETON & KLAUS SCHOENEFELD

DO ME A BIG FAVOUR, WILL YA? RUN UP TO THE OFFICE AND GET ME A C-39-J.
DON'T YOU MEAN A C-36-J?
NO. THAT'S FOR WORK STOPPAGE DUE TO INJURY.
WE'VE STOPPED...
YEAH, EXCEPT NED'S NOT INJURED, HE'S DEAD.
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG. THE C-39-J AND THE C-36-J WERE ON THE OLD SYSTEM. MOST INTERDEPARTMENTAL PAPERWORK HAS BEEN REORGANIZED ON A COLOUR CODED BASIS.
HILDAGO
WHAT DO WE NEED, THEN?
SOMEONE SHOULD CALL THE FOREMAN FOR A START.
I THINK IT CALLS FOR A BLUE-14 FORM BUT I'M NOT AN EXPERT.
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TELL ME WHEN WE CHANGE THE PAPER-FILE SYSTEM.
DO WE GET A PAID BREAK FOR THIS?
CLEAR
I WAS JUST LEARNING THE LAST ONE.
FOREMAN'S HERE.
IS THAT NED?
IF NO ONE NEEDS ME, I'M GOING FOR COFFEE.
I THINK OUR PROBLEM IS THAT NED USUALLY DID THE PAPERWORK.
WHY HASN'T ANYBODY GONE FOR A C-39-J?
HILDAGO
SMARTY PANTS OVER HERE SAID WE DIDN'T NEED ONE.
THIS GUY?!? HE DON'T EVEN WORK HERE.
IS THAT TRUE?
I WAS JUST TRYING TO BE HELPFUL.

LET'S GET THIS DARN THING LIFTED, ANYWAYS.
DIDN'T SOMEBODY GO FOR COFFEE A WHILE AGO?
WHERE DO WE KEEP THE MOPS?
HEY! GET A LOAD OF THE VIKINGS!
WE HAVE ARRIVED, BROTHERS, IN THE CITY OF DREAMS.
OASIS
drink it...
YORT
SUBWAY.
THE WIZARD MAGIC IS WORKING! THOUGH THEY ARE IN A STRANGE TONGUE, I CAN READ THE SIGNS AND MESSAGES.
IT IS EVEN MORE REMARKABLE WHEN I CONSIDER THAT WE ARE ILLITERATE VIKINGS.
FLOYD'S ORIFICE
XXX
OLAF, STAY TOGETHER! WE ARE HERE FOR A PURPOSE, NOT FOR YOUR PLEASURES!
HEY GUYS...!
WHAT GLORIOUS CHARIOTS!!
BARDUX WAS RIGHT! THIS TRULY IS THE CITY OF DREAMS.
Sprint
DIG. WE MUST.

VROOOM!
GRAAAA! TO MY SIDE, O VIKING BROTHERS! THIS ONE ATTACKS!!
C'MON BUDDY, GET UP. I'M IN NO MOOD TO FILL OUT FORMS.
DON'T FEED THE DRIVER
GRUNDAR HAS BEEN SLAIN!
BY ODIN, THAT GRUNDAR IS A FUNNY GUY.
ANYTHING FOR LAUGH.
IT IS TRAGIC, HOWEVER, THAT HE WAS NOT SLAIN IN BATTLE.
FOR HE WILL NEVER SEE THE GOLDEN SPIRES OF VALHALLA.
BAH! I SHALL TAKE HIS SWORD AND SAVE HIS WARRIOR'S SOUL.
SKRANKLK!
HAPPY HUNTING, GRUNDAR.
IS GOOD.
HEY! THAT'S MY BUS!!

ALRIGHT SKRYMIR THE WISE, SHOW US THE WAY, WE HAVE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE ON THIS FOOLISHNESS!
REJOICE, MY CHIEFTAIN. IT IS NEAR...
SOON WE WILL FIND...
C'MON! WHO PAYS FOR THE BUS?!?
"...LENNY'S CASINO AND GRILL."
PUSH OFF, BUDDY.
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE. I'LL TRADE YOU A STORY FOR A DRINK...
Lenny's Casino & GRILL
FORGET IT. NOT INTERESTED.
YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. WHY, I WAS THE STAR OF THE ENTIRE LAST ISSUE!
JEEZ. DON'T TAKE NO FER AN ANSWER, DO YOU? OK. OK. ONCE I WAS OUT MARLIN FISHING ON MY BROTHER'S BOAT...
AND I GOT MY LEG CAUGHT IN THE ROD LOCKS...
...RIPPED MY GODDAMN' FOOT ALL TO HELL.
ALRIGHT, JERK, NOW GIMMIE YOUR DRINK.
NO. NO, I THINK YOU'VE MISUNDERSTOOD ME HERE...
INKEEPER, PLEASE FOR YOU TO BE HELPING US...
...WE HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE IN THIS REALM, COULD... "...SHOW US A GOOD TIME."
JA. DAT'S IT. BØY!
A DEAL'S A DEAL, MR. TOPHAT. DO I GET A WHISKEY SOUR OR ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A BUNCH OF FIVES?
UNHAND ME, HUMAN.! YOU DEAL WITH FORCES BEYOND YOUR KEN!!

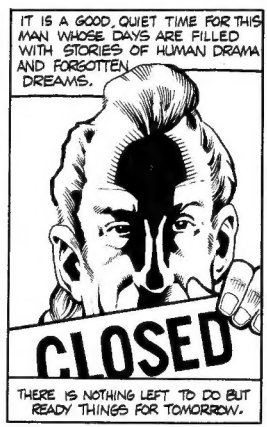
WE WERE SENT BY THE GREAT WIZARD, BARDAX WE CLEAN HIS STABLES WHEN THE RAIDING SEASON IS OFF AND SO, TO REWARD US HE SENT US ON THIS JOURNEY TO THE FORBIDDEN "CITY OF DREAMS."
AS WE BOARDED THE LONGBOAT TO ENTER THE MAGIC MISTS HE TOLD US TO LOOK UP THE INKEEPER NAMED KING, AND HE'D SHOW US A GOOD TIME..."
YOU ARE THIS KING?
YEAH. I'M KING.
TIME TRAVELLERS... THIS I DON'T NEED.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE BARDAX. HE'S ALWAYS DOING THIS TO ME...
BUT YOU CAN HELP US, YES...?
FENRIS WANTS TO SEE THE WOMENFOLK.
...YOUR DESTINY AWAITS WITHIN.
IS DARK!
AYE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF THINGS BARDAX PROMISED YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE FRIENDS OF HIS, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO I OWE THAT OLD WIZARD MORE THAN I CAN EVER REPAY.
SO, FOLLOW ME, GENTLEMEN...
ARE WE CHILDREN TO BE AFRAID OF THE DARK?!? I SHALL COMPOSE A SONG TO LEND US COURAGE!

SUDDENLY, THE CHAMBER FILLS WITH LIGHT.
THERE ARE ENOUGH SO THAT EVERYBODY GETS ONE.
MID-LIFE CRISIS
WIZARD GIRLS
ZAPPS-97
HERPES ATTACK
HERE, YOU'LL NEED THESE TO MAKE THEM WORK.
DROP THE TALISMANS IN THE HOLES AND THE MAGIC BEGINS.
IN A FLASH THE MACHINES ARE ALL OCCUPIED. QUARTERS DROP INTO SLOTS AND THE SCREENS LIGHT UP IN COLOURFUL DISPLAYS OF ELECTRONIC MAYHEM...
HOOBOY!
ND the FOOT
ZØNIE!
JA.
AND TRY NOT LEAVE A MESS.
NATURALLY THE VIKINGS ARE DELIGHTED...
KILL! KILL! I HAVE BUT SEVEN SHIPS LEFT!
SNAKES!! NEEEEEEE!
... AT LEAST THEY ARE FOR A FEW HOURS! EVENTUALLY MEDIEVAL MAN DISCOVERS ONE OF THE FOIBLES OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY.
SPAWN OF LOKI! THIS DEMON-THING WON'T RESPOND.
I TURNED IT LEFT! IT WON'T GO LEFT!!
WUNK WUNK WUNK

YEAARGH!
IT STOLE MY QUARTER!
NO!
HELLO MY NAME IS SKULD
KILL IT! SMASH IT! SPILL ITS BLOOD!

WE ARE GUESTS, HERE. PUT AWAY YOUR WAR-AXE SKULD, BEFORE YOU BRING DISHONOUR UPON US ALL.
BUT IT ATE THE QUARTER-COIN!! SHALL THIS GO UNAVENGED?!?
IT MUST.
THE OTHERS HAVE FINISHED, SO IT IS TIME TO GO BACK...
...TO THE LONGBOAT.

AND SO, THE DAY COMES TO AN END. THE PATRONS ALL GONE.
THANK-YOU, MY FRIEND. WE SHALL TELL OTHERS OF THIS PLACE...
SWELL.
G'BYE.


IT IS A GOOD, QUIET TIME FOR THIS MAN WHOSE DAYS ARE FILLED WITH STORIES OF HUMAN DRAMA AND FORGOTTEN DREAMS.
CLOSED
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT READY THINGS FOR TOMORROW.

THIS HAS BEEN A TALE OF LENNY'S CASINO & GRILL.
Lenny's Casino & GRILL
FIN.

Okay! So we're incompetent... Why not subscribe any way?

THE Plasma MONKEYS of Zaton 4
CHEEE!!
LAST ISSUE WE RAN THE BONE-CHILLING PLASMA MONKEYS TALE. THIS ISSUE WE RUN THE TITLE PAGE. WHO SAYS THIS ISN'T THE VORTEX AGE OF IDIOT BLUNDERS? DON'T BLAME ME, KIDS. I'M JUST THE HORROR-HOST. IT WASN'T MY FAULT...
THEY FIRED ME, ANYWAY.
A.vanBruggen'84

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INTERVIEW with SATAN

Recently Vortex Comics was afforded a rare opportunity to interview the Lord of Darkness. Here is a brief excerpt from that discussion. The paperback version of the entire interview will soon be available from Apocrypha Books.

Vortex: Where should we start? You don't mind if I call you Lucifer, do you?
Dark Lord: Actually, I **do**. That name was taken away from me. You can't call me Satan, either, because that's more of a title than it is a name, really.
Vortex: What shall I call you, then . . .?
Dark Lord: How about Huitzilopochtli? That's what the Aztecs used to call me. I split a gut watching people try to pronounce it.
Vortex: Whatever. Could you tell us how you got your start in this business, ruling Hell and all that?
Dark Lord: I got busted. I used to be in charge of special effects lighting for all the holy visitations to Earth, and that. Stupid me tried to take the big guy's job one day. Hoo, was He ticked!
Vortex: So, He banished you to eternal Hellfire . . .
Dark Lord: Eventually, uh-huh. I had a series of odd jobs, first, though.
Vortex: You did?
Dark Lord: Yeah. I worked doing valet parking for a while. Then I was a reporter for the National Enquirer . . .
Vortex: How did that work out?
Dark Lord: I got fired. Does that make sense to you? You'd think being the prince of lies I'd be a shoo-in.
Vortex: Then where did you go?
Dark Lord: Oh, here and there. You know. I wandered around trying to find myself. Got into some bad relationships, that taught me a lot.
Vortex: So, how, exactly, did you become supreme ruler of Hell?
Dark Lord: Well, there I was, out of work and lonely, I saw this ad in the classifieds in the back of the paper. Wanted: Ruler for Hell. Serious professionals only please. I figured, what the heck.
Vortex: Did you find the job difficult? What are your duties?
Dark Lord: I don't have duties so much as I get to boss people around. **That** I like.
Vortex: I've often wondered, do you ever come to this plane of existence to bargain personally for souls like you do in the movies?
Dark Lord: Nah, when I come up to Earth it's strictly for laughs. Just the other day I put on these special shoes with bottoms on 'em shaped like giant ape feet. I ran around the Himalayas making footprints everywhere. Probably scared up a good tourist trade.
Vortex: Then you were responsible for the eerie tracks made in Devonshire, England, 1855?

"Did you ever read **The Exorcist**, I mean really **read** it? I remember thinking 'Oh, This is it. I'm going to sue. All that obnoxious language . . ."

Dark Lord: People are still talking about that one, eh?
Vortex: Did you do it?
Dark Lord: No comment.
Vortex: How have things changed over the years down below?
Dark Lord: Well, we've got a whole bunch of new sins, now. Did you know that it's eternal flame for you if you hit all the buttons on an elevator before you get off?
Vortex: Really, I used to do that all the time when I was a kid . . .
Dark Lord: That's one of our better new sins. It's also a no-no to say that margerine tastes like butter. That always bugged me.
Vortex: What's in the future? What can we expect from the forces of darkness and evil over the next few years?
Dark Lord: Not much new. Famine and pestilence when we can sneak it past the big guy, you know. There **is** some talk of me getting my own cable network but nothing's definite. I'm having lunch with Bob Guccione next week to iron out the details.
Vortex: I look forward to seeing it.
Dark Lord: And I look forward to seeing **you**. Don't think I didn't hear about you and the elevators before . . .

NEXT ISSUE:
Join Satan and Stig, as the party begins.

A CITY OF DREAMS CAN BE
A CITY OF NIGHTMARES

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